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WHY?

THE War Department owes the public fuller explanation of what it has done to the Twenty-second Regiment of Engineers, N. G. N. Y.

Suddenly to abolish the regiment because a number of its members are not qualified engineers seems a clumsy way to tackle a not very difficult problem. A regiment of engineers may be a military misnomer. But if it is a misnomer now, why wasn't it a misnomer in 1901, when the Twenty-second was changed from an infantry regiment to an engineering regiment?

Engineers or no engineers, the Twenty-second has given an excellent account of itself from the days of Harper's Ferry and Gettysburg down to the Spanish War. It did good service in the railroad riots of 1872 and 1876. Records of the State and War Departments show it to have been always reliable and efficient. Such a well-drilled, ready guard is a first-rate nucleus and example of defense in any city or State in the country.

Why destroy a good thing because it happens to be fitted with a wrong name?

WORSE THAN EVER.

HAVING recently passed through one of its periodical spasms of revolt against theatre ticket extortion, New York has settled back into apathy and consents to be fleeced more outrageously than ever by the ticket speculators.

Two dollar seats in the first ten rows for popular musical comedies now running are regularly quoted at \$7, \$5 and \$4, according to location. These seats for days ahead are in the hands of two or three well-known speculators. The hotel newstands, which are supposed to serve public convenience, and which charge an advance of fifty cents over box office prices, hold practically none of these "choice" seats.

To ask for a seat nearer than the twelfth row at the box office of one of these theatres is to invite scorn and contempt.

What special power protects theatre ticket speculators in this city? And what becomes of efforts to suppress them?

LET'S BE FAIR.

ENEMIES of votes for women will never strengthen their position by trying to suppress facts. When the New York State Association opposed to Woman Suffrage objects to a proposal to put something about the progress of suffrage in school histories it shows singular lack of large mindedness or even common sense.

Whatever individuals or societies may think of the suffrage movement, it is one of the great facts of the early twentieth century. In a nation where thirty-two States have already adopted full or partial franchise for women, where the campaign for its further extension is a chief topic of political and public discussion, to say that the truth about it ought to be kept from school children is absurd.

Woman's Suffrage has as much right to a place in up-to-date American school histories as the building of the Panama Canal or the occupation of Vera Cruz.

ALASKA ESKIMOS THRIVING.

THE reindeer, we are told by the Federal Bureau of Education, has civilized the Eskimos in Alaska and turned them into a hard-working, thrifty people.

Twenty years ago this country began to import reindeer to Alaska in order to provide the natives with food and clothes. To-day, instead of leading a hand-to-mouth existence as hunters, the Eskimos own 30,000 of the 47,000 reindeer in the region and "have secured support and opportunity to acquire wealth by the sale of meat and skins to the white man."

Thanks to the reindeer, the Alaska Eskimo is rapidly approaching that point of prosperity where it becomes profitable for the white man to take his land and livestock and support him in idleness on a reservation.

The Mets which the French are reported to be bombarding is a town in Alsace-Lorraine, and not our own Herman, who continues his own bombardment from the safe vantage ground of Brooklyn.

Hits From Sharp Wits

To get a hearing, make it a rule to stop talking when you have no more to say.

Behold the clam, which, though it seems to be all mouth, never breaks its silence.—*Albany Journal.*

Some people explain so much because 2 is easier than justifying.

A plain duty is apt to be a disagreeable one.—*Deseret News.*

Times are never too hard to be bearable to those who have less than you.

Any one can be successful as a leader of trouble.—*Albany Journal.*

It may get so some time that the

average man won't have anything left for charity after he pays what the headbooks cost him.—*Albany Journal.*

Some men use mighty big words to say mighty small things.—*Albany Journal.*

Giving good advice is one of the few things that might as well be put off until to-morrow.

It is well to know one's limitations, but not to regard one's self as absolutely bound by them.—*Albany Journal.*

If you can't look both pleasant and pretty at the same time, look pleasant.

People who are always roasting other people generally have cold natures.—*Deseret News.*

Letters From the People

Horses on Brooklyn Bridge.

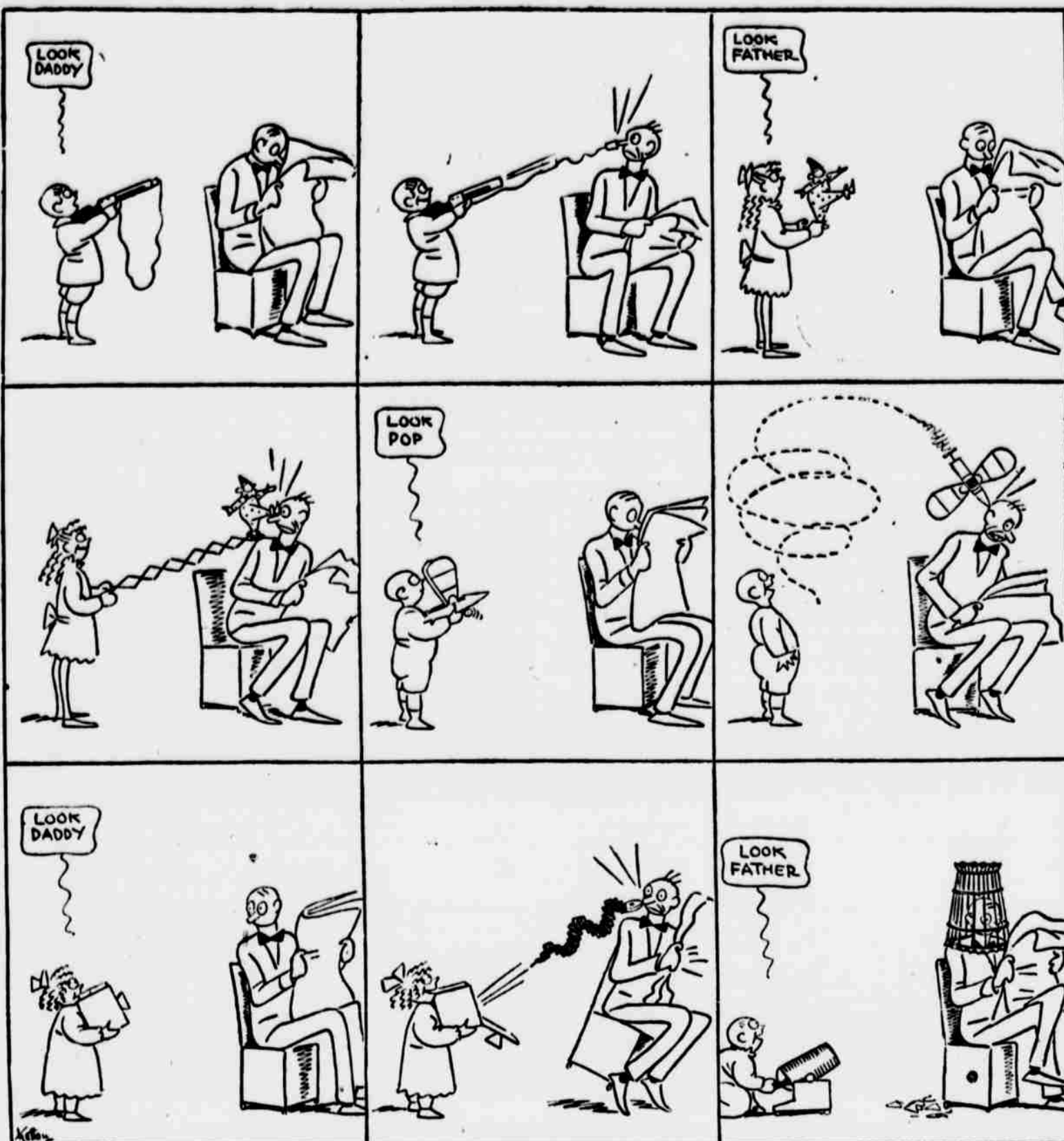
The letter about placing an S. P. C. A. officer on the Brooklyn Bridge is a good one. I myself have seen some of the most inhuman treatment there to horses. I was once a driver and stableman and I know what a horse can do if he has a good driver. Pulling a heavy load is the most cruel

trick that can be contrived, with the exception of one other thing that happens on the bridge; and that is, when a truck is stalled, for a trolley car to start slow and all at once throw on full power and then shut it off again, as it is almost enough to kill a horse. All the motorman usually wants is to clear the track. As soon as the snow falls you can see this trick several times a day.

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"CASH clo! I cash clo!" chanted a commercial carol singer, as Mr. Jarr, in company with his companions in the holiday hiatus, stepped out upon the street from the cheerful electric glow of a cozy street-side inn.

"I cash clo! I cash clo!" repeated the itinerant business vocalist. The slogan that he had cried "mid snow and ice meant for old clothes he'd give a price.

Mr. Jarr was still with his old friend John W. Rangle and his new friends Mr. Wilkinson, from Selma, Alabama, and the hospitable fellow-member of the Brooklyn Branch of the Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok, whose name was Bertram B. Bogus, according to the cards he distributed. The card bore the insignia of every secret and fraternal order known. It also stated that Bertram B. Bogus was a special agent for insurance, musical instruments, coal and wood, subscription books, oils, paint and varnish, automobiles, typewriters, real estate and unlisted stocks. In fact, it was evident that Mr. Bogus of Brooklyn did everything, except work, for a living.

Seeing the full quartet coming out of the street-side inn were midway in a holiday hiatus, the gentleman who cryptically cried the shibboleth of second hand clothes approached them with a merry smile.

When they paused to greet him as a dear old friend and chanted to him that old acquaintance shouldn't be forgot for the days of Old Lang Syne, he informed them that he paid spot cash for ladies' and gentlemen's cast off clothing.

Whereup Mr. Rangle gave a loud cry and cast off his overcoat and hat, which the itinerant purchaser of discarded garments offered a dollar and a half for, although, as he informed the full quartet, he would lose money by it.

Then Mr. Jarr and Mr. Wilkinson wept and sold him their overcoats at the same price. Mr. Bogus grew indignant and said he would give twenty dollars apiece for the coats, only he hadn't the money. That was the kind of a man Mr. Bogus was. He'd make the most generous offers, only he never had the money to complete the transactions.

Mr. Bogus, however, gave the old clothes merchant his card. When the latter individual saw Mr. Bogus lived in Brooklyn he said it didn't pay him to go to Brooklyn, owing to the cost of extending his business to cover the foreign field.

Mr. Wilkinson had no cards with him except a poker deck. But he do

lighted all beholders by bringing them into view and doing some startling feats, consisting of shuffling the deck and asking anybody to take a card—any card. And then only permitting them to take the one on top of the nine of spades. He named the card thus selected with unerring accuracy.

Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle gave their cards, however, borrowing a fountain pen from Mr. Bogus to write their addresses. Mr. Bogus always kept one of these deadly-when-headed weapons—a fountain pen—upon his person.

As he had the little pocketbook of blank forms ready Mr. Jarr signed for a concert grand piano. Mr. Rangle signed for an automobile—specifying particularly it should be a seven passenger car with a limousine body.

and Mr. Wilkinson signed for a cabinet photograph. The purchaser of the overcoats demurred, but when Mr. Bogus showed him that he also was a member of The Friendly Sons of Hope, and had the lodge button, among all others, on his coat lapel, the purchaser of discarded garments signed for a set of "The Classics and Masterpieces of Literature. Bound in Half Morocco. Wt. 47 lbs. Net."

"Come, my Vivian waits us at our little Brooklyn home!" said Mr. Bogus when these transactions were all completed. Ah, there is one woman in a million! And Mr. Bogus began singing:

"I love you as I never loved before, Since first I met you on the village green, Come to me ere my dream of love is o'er!"

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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WINE always goes to a man's heart, a woman's head—and a fool's tongue.

There never yet was a man who could remember how or why he made up his mind to propose to his wife, and a wise woman is too discreet to remind him that she made it up for him.

Proposals of marriage are like Christmas gifts. They are never in the least what you expected, but you've always got to pretend to be grateful for them and to receive them with sweet surprise.

You may catch a husband by the easy method of praising his virtues, but to keep him you have to accomplish the Herculean feat of overlooking his faults.

Oh, yes, Marcella, the world is full of a number of things besides men, but nothing has yet been found equal to a husband's handkerchiefs for taking the cold cream off your face.

Why is it that in the garden of love the simple little wall flower plucks all the grape fruit, while the most fascinating women, when they succeed in marrying at all, seem always to pluck either a broken stick from the tide of life or a brand from the burning?

Woman was made from man's rib—the crookedest bone in his body—and yet he is unreasonable enough to expect her to think straight.

Marriage appears to be the one thing "made in America" that is no better nor more durable than the imported article.

Alas, why is it that at life's table d'hôte the little "sweet" of happiness is always followed by the black coffee of remorse?

Mr. Jarr Is Launched on a Career Of Highly Regrettable Delight

I love you as I loved you when you were a boy—
When you were sweet-heat Sir-TEEN!"
And then they faded on to Brooklyn. It was a hiatus without parallel!

How to Make a Hit!

By Alma Woodward

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At a "The Dancers." A roomful of lights threw a radiance over the scene, and their other sisters, the ladies, were the younger sons of most of New York's millionaires. You, more experienced in numbers—in fact a candidate for a position in the management of the club—were perfectly at home observing the situation.

FIRST. When you enter the room (whose regalia resembles the court costume of Louis XIV.) to take your coat and hat. You get away with that in a rathskeller, but not in a tea room. He follows you, unbelieving, to your table. There you must again throw him down hard, so that the people in the immediate vicinity will remark, sotto voce forte: "Another colt compressor, who throws the bull about doing it for the principle of the thing, you know!"

2. Keep time to the catchy music with your 9's and whistle the melody that the orchestra's playing, preferably a half-tone flat and two or three beats behind.

3. Casting your eye down the price list of drinks observe, loudly, that this place is a robber's cave and that you have a suspicion that the waiters are all thugs. (One is standing beside you at the moment.) This is a sure-fire bit with any lady, because women adore men who "talk back" at waiters!

4. When you order your drink make it something long, with lots of ice. Show her that you can make one seitzer, lemonade stretch over an hour's dancing.

5. After you've ignored a divine waltz, a rocking fox trot and a lullaby, the orchestra strikes up a one-step. This is your cue to jump blithely to your feet and grab your partner around the waist. Tell her that you abhor extremes in everything. That will account for the fact that you eschew fancy steps and walk all the time. Remember when you're treading on her white apron! The blamed things won't wash—and that it costs fifty cents to have them cleaned!

6. When the dance is over and you have returned to your table, pant like a dinosaur, conveying, delicately, that she's SOME load to haul around, but that you'll try anything once! The draw abhor extremes in everything. That will account for the fact that you eschew fancy steps and walk all the time. Remember when you're treading on her white apron! The blamed things won't wash—and that it costs fifty cents to have them cleaned!

7. When you're again breathing normally look around and remark that there are some peachy dancers in the room and that some time, maybe, you will have the good fortune to meet some of them and really ENJOY a one-step. At this point gasp, coo, at the

Fifty Dates You Should Remember

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 9.—MAY 24, 1844.—First Telegram Sent.

WASHINGTON girl—Elizabeth Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents—stood in the Supreme Court room of the Capitol, beside a table on which had been placed an apparatus almost as cumbersome and large as an automobile engine. Around the table were a group of breathlessly excited people. One gray bearded man in particular was white and trembling with suspense. For the future of the world was about to be changed.

The date was May 24, 1844. The awkward machine on the table was the "Electro Magnetic and Chemically Recording Telegraph." The gray bearded man was its inventor, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, whom folk had for years been sneering at as a lunatic, and who was henceforth to be hailed as one of the world's foremost geniuses.

At a word from Morse, Miss Ellsworth placed her fingers on the rudely constructed key of the instrument, and slowly ticked off a message. She was not an expert telegrapher. No one was. For Morse had but lately invented his famous code of signalling; and few people had troubled to learn it.

As the girl laboriously transmitted the message, Morse's assistant, Henry T. Rogers, in far-off Baltimore, took it down and, in the presence of a crowd of eager or scoffing onlookers, wrote it out on a sheet of paper. The message ran: "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

This was the first telegram ever sent and received. A new era had dawned; an era which was to knit the whole world together and to annihilate time and space.

Morse was a painter, a sculptor, a professor in the University of New York. He also made the first camera and took the first photograph (daguerotype) in America. On a trip to France, in 1832, he became interested in electricity, and in the belief that it could be used for the transmitting of words and sentences to long distances.

The ancient Romans had spelled out word signals by means of fires of various sizes and materials. They had also wig-wagged messages with torches. The Indians used fires as signal flares. The semaphore was in use as early as 1816. But Morse was the first man to talk successfully, at long range, with electricity.

By 1835 he had sent messages over a mile of wire at his University laboratory. He said then: "If I can make it work for one mile I can do it for ten. If I can do it for ten, I can send messages around the whole world."

In 1837 he had a practical apparatus, which he patented; and he asked Congress to grant him \$30,000 to perfect his idea. The project was laughed at. Finally, it was favored by a House Committee, but went no further. He applied to several foreign governments, but in vain. In 1843 the appropriation went through Congress. Miss Ellsworth brought Morse the good news; and as a reward, when a line was established between Baltimore and Washington, he let her send the first message. She sought in vain for some sentence worthy to serve such a purpose. Her mother at last directed her attention to a Bible text; the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of Numbers. And thus the message, "What Hath God Wrought," was chosen.

The Democratic Convention met at Baltimore about that time. And the nomination of James R. Polk for the Presidency was the first news ever sent by telegraph.

Even then, Morse could not interest enough people in the invention to get wires put through to Philadelphia. It was only after a long wait that the public awoke to the wonderful value of telegraphy. Then a throng of crooks tried to steal Morse's ideas. He was tangled up for years in a network of dreary litigation.

But he emerged triumphant. All nations delighted to honor him. He was availed under medals and other decorations from foreign governments. He was one of the few men to see his own statue erected and unveiled, and to reap full reward for his achievement.

What Your Fingers Mean

AMONG all animals the palm is always much longer than the fingers. Sometimes it extends so far that the fingers are all but lost.

The more developed man becomes, through ages of civilization, the shorter becomes the palm and more developed the brain. They run in exact opposite ratio.

Should we find him with his palm long and fingers unusually short, with thumb shorter than his last finger, we would be likely to find a lack of mentality, a brute nature, a violent temper and lack of self-control. He would never be courageous; would never reason, but would plan as a beast, simply through long, cunning.

These persons do not "live"—not honor.

As the other members of the man family know that word. They are willing to "exist" from day to day without ambition of any sort. They never seek to advance, from father to son, either mentally or morally or physically.

Fortunately for the human race, this type is a dying one, and, Education and the forcing of better environment help to blot it out. It is to be found now only among the lowest humans, where the intelligence is almost gone and only brute feelings predominate.

Among our murderers and worst criminals do we sometimes find this type, and in the darkest spots of the world, where the light of culture has never been allowed to penetrate. Such persons kill for the sake of degrading action, and never for so-called honor.

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 8519—Redingote Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 to 18 years.

quire 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 36 or 44, and the skirt, vest and sleeves 4 yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 44.

Pattern No. 8519 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 109 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.) corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

nearest aquab, who will clamp her lamps on your solitary lemonade and give you the merry "Shuh!"

foot balancing, murmur that every time you come to a place of this sort you get stung. This with persuade the lady that she's given you the time of the waiter a dime for an hour's one-